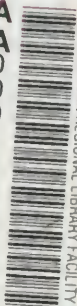


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THOUGHT  
AND  
REVERIE.

---

BY WILLIAM SAWYER,  
AUTHOR OF "STRAY LEAVES," &c., &c.

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## P R E F A C E.

THE Poets and the Scholars are at issue. Their moot-point is the necessity of Metre. "Wherein," cry the Scholars, "lies its use? If a man has any thing to tell the world, why not tell it in the language of a man? The language of a man knows not metre."

The Poet replying, declares Poetry and Poetic Diction to be identical. Emerson says, "It is not metre, but metre-making argument, that makes a Poem." And of the Poet, he tells us that he,

"Through worlds and races, and terms and times,

"Saw musical order and *pairing rhymes*."

Carlyle insists even more stoutly on the inseparability of the inner Music from the outer Song. Lowell, a more superficial essayist, puts the matter thus, "Metre and Rhyme are like the skin of the grape. The thought is the pulp. The one is needed to hold the other together in a compact and beautiful shape. We may throw it away, if we will; but often the chief spirit and flavour of the fruit is to be pressed out of it."

Siding with the Poets, I have penned the contents of this volume in Metre: have endeavoured to arrange

"In musical order and *pairing rhymes*"

such fresh Thoughts and the fruit of such pleasant Reveries as seemed to me worth the hoarding.

W. S.

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## THOUGHT AND REVERIE.

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### Silenus.

A leafy nook deep in a forest old,  
By Autumn's hand with mellow tints embrowned,  
Odourous of fresh flowers in unsunned mould  
And fruits core-ripened scattering the ground.  
There old Silenus lingering deftly crowned  
With ivy-leaves a wine cup which he bare  
Of antique structure ; about which were found,  
Ensculptured with a quaint, voluptuous air  
The loves of Bacchus and Ariadne the fair.

A type of earth the merry roysterer seemed,  
An emanation from its fruitful rest,  
No intellect beneath his eyelids gleamed,  
But with enervate ease were they possest,  
And drowsily his head sank on his breast.  
Ruddy and shining were his cheeks, as glows  
An apple that the red sun hath imprest  
With its own hues ; and from his brow uprose  
Two polished horns which scarce did his elf locks  
disclose.

Slowly he raised his head and looked around,  
Then with distended nostrils listening stood,  
Catching, by some rare instinct, the faint sound  
Of distant echoes in the slumbering wood,  
Or, it might be, instinctively subdued  
By a superior presence; till his ear  
Prest forth distinguished in its earnest mood  
A rustling of crisp leaves and branches sear,  
And then the pattering of footsteps drawing near.

Two bright eyes gleaming through a screen of leaves,  
Three little fingers white and delicate,  
A bosom that with pleasure panting heaves,  
A dainty foot half prone to hesitate,  
And then, (amid a shower of blossoms,) straight  
A lovely form into his presence burst,  
A form with radiance of soul innate.  
Whose image aye through life's wild tumult nurst  
Had charmed the purest heart and purified the worst.

Her beauty was the beauty of the soul,  
Pure, passionless, as an unworded thought,  
Endowed with rarest power to control  
All meaner things with grovelling passions fraught.  
Her eye the glory of her soul had caught,  
And every feature in its lustre shone  
Like a fair statue by a Phidias wrought,  
That, charmed to life, the master-mind had won,  
Stood she by Passion's breath unsoiled, unbreathed on.

Thus met they in the forest side by side,  
The sensous and the spiritual being,  
Matter in noblest guise personified  
With Mind's least rare developement agreeing.  
Back started he, as from her presence fleeing,  
Yet with no power of flight in any limb ;  
She with eyes strained as doubting their own seeing,  
Trembling and breathless mutely gazed on him,  
The while around them gathered twilight sad and dim.

---

### Heart-Spectres.

Who fears a sheeted spectre  
Up the Hall-stairs gliding slow ?  
Or a Warrior lone, half steel, half bone,  
In the Tower that rocketh so ?  
The purblind Nurse, the infant heir,  
But not a Man, I trow.

Not from without, but from within,  
Come Spectres to appal,  
The heart alone is the haunted Tower,  
And goblin-trodden Hall,  
Where shadows of the Long ago  
Upon the Present fall.

There youthful feelings, from the death  
Of Youth itself revived,  
And buried Hopes and wasted Thoughts  
In Memory's charnel hived,  
Starting unsummoned into life,  
Wander like souls unshrived ;

And stalwart men of dauntless mien,  
Of iron nerve and limb,  
Knowing of Fear but as a name  
For something vague and dim,  
Pause at its portal as 'twere watched  
By Flaming Cherubim.

---

## Heart and Soul.

### I.—HEART.

" A face like any blessing."—*Don Quixote*.

In the depths of the green forest  
Where the gloomy shadows dwell,  
Upward springs a merry streamlet  
From its hidden well,  
Dancing lightly, bubbling brightly,  
On its course it flows,  
Full of life and zest and motion,  
Singing as it goes ;

Never for an instant pausing  
In its mad career,  
Never sullen, never weary  
Doth its face appear.  
Looking forth on Life and Nature  
With a joyous eye,  
From the green earth drawing freshness,  
Brightness from the sky ;  
Seeing but the cloud's fair lining  
And its rain-bowed crest,  
By joy's alchymic process gilding  
All Creation's breast.

MARIANA ! MARIANA !

Throw thy elfin locks aside,  
And upraise those silken lashes  
Drooped in mocking pride ;  
Let thy features, fixed demurely,  
Like a flower expand,  
And the sunshine of thy spirit  
Gleam forth warm and bland !  
Let thy cheeks, to rose buds dimpling,  
Deeply crimsoned glow,  
And from out that pearly cavern  
Worded music flow.  
Then upon thy merry presence,  
Let me look, and deem  
Thou art the warm-hearted Naiad  
Bending o'er the stream.

## II.—SOUL.

“Fair as women in the idea are.”—*Cowley*.

Cradled among mighty ruins,  
Ivy-grown and grey,  
Sleeps a lake in placid beauty,  
Changeless day by day ;  
Like the mystic eye of Nature  
Gleams it, brightly blue,  
As its depths had caught, up-gazing,  
Heaven's own favoured hue.  
Softly smiles the sun upon it  
With its smile of gold,  
And the moonlight resteth on it,  
And the star-beams cold.  
Soul-like in its calm depths, it is  
Freed of earthly leaven,  
Shadowless save with the shadows  
That are born of Heaven.

Wherefore, peerless ALETHEA,  
Do my senses reel and swim,  
Surcharged with beauty as a lily  
Dew-filled to the brim ?  
Wherefore, like soft shadows gliding  
O'er the moon's pale face,  
Comes thy presence as the semblance  
Of that lake I trace ?  
Blending with its solemn beauty,

With its being fraught,  
A sister grace, a Venus rising  
From a sea of thought !  
The spirit of the Beautiful  
Still varying types may find,  
But each to each is linked, and all  
Unto the human mind.  
Thus the power to know and feel it  
Doth with man abide,  
The Eve, the one grace spared of Eden,  
Ever by his side.

---

## The Cant of Death.

“Toll, toll for the dead,” ha! ha!  
“Toll for the dreary dead.”  
Yes, solemnly use the casket, now  
That the gem it held is fled;  
With jealous care the body lay  
To mix ere long with its parent clay,  
Since the soul it held hath fled.

“Weep, weep for the dead,” ha! ha!  
“Weep for the child of earth.”  
Knowing his fate why wept ye not  
The moment of his birth?

Ye knew that each passing year would pave  
His pathway to the mouldy grave ;  
Yet wept ye not his birth?

“ Mourn, mourn for the dead,” ha ! ha !  
“ He hath taken to his rest.”  
Why mourn him, then, since he hath won  
The portion of the blest ?  
Weary and worn he laid him down,  
Seeking that peace which from life long flown  
No more his wanderings blest.

“ Pray, pray for the dead,” ha ! ha !  
“ That his soul may rest in peace.”  
Be a form of words read o’er his grave  
Ere the tolling bell shall cease.  
We lower his corpse to the unctious sound,  
The clay will rot well in the holy ground  
When the shivering priest shall cease.

“ Close, close o’er the dead,” ha ! ha !  
“ Be the green turf lightly laid  
“ On the noble form in which so long  
“ A *soul* its home hath made.”  
Be sure that decay ere long will own  
That dainty form, since the spirit flown  
Far hence its home hath made.



## The Poet's Creed.

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT AMONG THE RUINS OF A  
RELIGIOUS EDIFICE.

Potent Enchantress! With thine icy smile  
Bathing these ruins in a silvery light,  
So cold, so chilling, that the inmost soul  
Shudders instinctively. A thousand years  
Have passed into oblivion since this pile  
In all its rude magnificence arose.  
Beneath the pale reflection of thy gaze,  
A world in miniature, a lone retreat,  
Where from the strife and turmoil of the world  
The weary one retiring sought repose,  
Or rich in holy confidence expired.

A thousand beads told on Time's rosary,  
A thousand deep pulsations of the heart  
Of our great mother Nature, and I stand  
Where cowed monk and virgin devotee,  
The willing victims of a blighting creed,  
Oft kneeling wept in bitterness of soul  
O'er memory's blotted page; or musing leant  
Beside this oriel window, looking forth  
On the broad plain of heaven scattered o'er  
With golden dust from the bright chariot wheels  
Of the all-glorious sun.

And thou, fair Queen,  
Still in thy virgin splendour lookest down,

Unconscious of the changes that are wrought  
In this decaying pile. Through the long aisles  
The night wind moaneth with a ghostly sound,  
Like the faint echo of low muttered prayer.  
Along the walls where costly arras hung  
(The choice embroidery of a maiden's hand)  
The rustling ivy now unheeded steals,  
Thriving upon decay; while in each nook  
Framed for rich statues long since torn away,  
The hooting owl hath made his hiding place,  
And like a hermit dwells. And where are they,  
The lonely outcasts in life's wilderness,  
The weary ones by sad experience taught  
That solitude lurks not in cloistered walls,  
But in the busy haunts of daily life,  
Where the fond heart o'ercharged with love for all  
Seeks in the selfish crowd to find a friend,  
And failing, pines alone? They are no more.  
The forms they wore are scattered to the wind,  
Their names, their acts, the follies of a dream,  
Have perished all.

And thou, bright orb,  
Thou who hast gazed unmoved upon all this,  
Proud in thy fancied immortality,  
The hand of Time is outstretched over *thee*.  
His mighty fingers shall ere long be closed  
To crumble *thee* away! What, then, shall stand  
What shall rejoice in its eternity,  
Exalted high o'er all created things,—

If thou art mortal, too ?

A spirit voice  
Wild and unearthly as the sounds that thrill  
From Memnon's lyre, steals softly o'er my soul.  
"Look to the HUMAN MIND ! That cannot die.  
Ages have failed to work a change in that,  
For in it are the elements of life.  
In one short moment, by a flash of thought,  
What forms instinct with grace can it produce !  
What vast creations in embryo lie  
Up-coiled within its caves ; yet it is but  
A mirror wherein dimly shadowed forth  
The universal Mind reflected lies,  
Being imbued with the same powers in kind,  
Though differing in degree, and bearing still  
An immortality within itself.  
This truth of old the Sages understood,  
And in the semblance of the Phœnix showed  
The mystery to man, bidding him mark  
How that as ages crumbled into dust  
From out their ashes bird-like rose the Mind,  
Still undestroyed, and in its nature still  
Unchangeable, unchanging. 'What,' said they,  
'What is the little world whereon we tread  
But an embodied thought ? A particle  
Called into birth by all-pervading Mind ?  
The Thought flashed forth, and lo ! it rolled in space,  
The marvel of an instant. So, perchance,  
Another thought may crush it, and again

Restore chaotic gloom. Vastness alone  
Distinguishes the universal Mind  
From the less-daring human one. The first,  
The aggregate of all creative power,  
Doth by its own innate volition mould  
All matter to its will, triumphing like  
The mighty wind that issuing forth unseen  
Rouses the waters from their sullen rest  
To its own potency. The second, weak  
And in its slight proportions impotent,  
Conceives but cannot body forth its thoughts,  
Having no power upon the elements  
Whereby it is subdued, and seeming more  
Like the soft breath of a reposing child  
That idly struggles to displace in sport  
The ringlet from its cheek. Yet all is Mind,—  
Mind that howe'er diffused and parcelled out,  
Shall, reuniting, in the end resolve  
The universe into its elements,  
And leave all space,—a void !”

Voice of the night,  
Soul-breathing utterer of mysteries,  
Not uninstructed from thy presence, I  
Turn to the world again, inspired as he  
Who sleeping in a Sybil's cave beholds  
The marvels of the Spirit-land disclosed,  
And Worships Truth all radiant and unveiled.

## My Broken Meershaum.

A PENDANT TO AN "ODE TO MY MEERSHAUM," PUBLISHED  
IN THE AUTHOR'S "STRAY LEAVES."

Like the wand of Prospero,  
Buried, crushed and broken,  
Like the "Open Sesame!"  
Forgotten ere twice spoken,  
Art thou, my ancient Pipe, to me,  
Bereft of all thy potency,  
A relic piteous to see,  
A sad and solemn token.

Ne'er in wand of Sage or Seer  
Mightier magic slumbered,  
Merlin's own of direr pests  
No charm'd land disencumbered ;  
The fearful giant hight Despair,  
With his brother monster Care,  
And Want, and Grief, and Sorrow were  
Among thy conquests numbered.

In the desert thou could'st raise  
A bright enchanted palace,  
And to lips half fainting hold  
A nectar-bearing chalice ;  
While from out thy deep bowl rolled  
Visions glorious to behold  
Unbought by mines of glittering gold  
Untouched by envious malice.

Like a star of steady ray,  
The wanderer's heart's delight,  
As darker grew the sky of life  
Gleam'd'st thou forth the brighter,  
Cheering ever, failing never,  
Striving on with one endeavour,  
Misery's dark wiles to sever,  
Or to smile despite her.

Life hath roughly passed with me,  
Passed in want and sorrow,  
But I long have learnt of thee  
Joy 'midst grief to borrow ;  
Sure that like the diver's leap  
For the treasures of the deep,  
Though peril now its reign might keep,  
Ease, wealth, would come to-morrow.

With this lesson in my heart,  
And thy sweet breath twining  
Around my path, I never yet  
Dreamt of vain repining ;  
But I gaze upon thee now,  
With a pained and troubled brow  
Since *for ever* lost art thou,—  
Lost to life's declining.

Yes, we two are parted hence,  
In a moment parted,  
And I view thy shattered form,  
Sad and weary-hearted.

At the well of pleasure now,  
With a helpless look I bow,  
Since my cherished draught-cup thou  
From my grasp hast started.

---

### **A Lover's Rhyme.**

By the constant unison  
Of the heart in thought to one  
It is glad to look upon,  
By the death of all desires  
That heart-frosting Self inspires,  
By a never, never ending  
Sympathy and secret tending  
Of all thoughts, and wishes too,  
One object ever fresh and new  
To the vision it doth bless  
With a sense of happiness  
Never felt but in that presence,  
Whose being is its life and essence ;  
By a never slumbering care  
For its pleasure and welfare,  
A care that doth with years incline  
To render it a sacred shrine,  
Sacred to one Devotee.  
By a feeling that to be  
Accepted there would all repay,  
Should Fortune, Fame, Friends pass away,  
And their memories decay.

By these feelings and sensations,  
By a thousand more,  
Nameless in their indications,  
Yet a priceless store,  
Doth True Love its presence show ;  
By these tests ye may it know  
Surely as ye may the advent  
Of the coming spring,  
When the heart floats like a bubble  
And the thoughts take wing  
To untrodden nooks, where Poets,  
Face-shaded, lie and sing.

---

## The Hempen Cord.

### I.

We crown thy temples, Phantom Bard,  
But with no earthly flowers,  
No dewy fragrant blossoms reared  
In earth's untainted bowers.  
More dear to that demon heart of thine  
Is this hempen cord our fingers twine,  
That christened in blood as it burst its seed,  
To Death and his service was aye decreed  
Doing his mission, bound to his will,  
A woven curse only fashioned for ill,  
That nourished on blood at birth loveth it still.



## II.

Down by the copse and through the elms  
There passed two human creatures,  
*This* warm of hand, *that* warm of heart,  
Yet both with placid features ;  
They paused to look on the setting sun—  
But when it had sunk there stood but one !  
One with a wild and fiendish mien,  
The other lay 'mid the herbage green,  
And the hemp's young leaves just bursting to view  
Were dyed with the drops of crimson hue  
The gash on his bared breast slow oozing through.

## III.

A year,—and he who trod the hemp  
When *that* red sun was sinking,  
Now paced his new won castle walls  
With bare head deeply thinking ;  
The hemp in the field had thriven and grown,  
But not so swift as the thorns that, sown  
In his guilty breast by remorse, o'errun  
That dreary waste, choking one by one  
Each feeling of kindly growth that strove  
To pierce the sharp bonds around it wove,  
Each feeling of charity, penitence, love.

## IV.

In that castle's chapel old,  
Whose gloom made stout hearts falter,

The bridegroom waited to receive  
    *His* pure child at the altar.  
In the bridegroom's hand his child's he placed.  
Why started the youth, and grew horror-faced ?  
Why flashed his eyes, and why scowled his brow,  
As he muttered, " Fiend ! I have tracked thee now,  
" The jewelled dagger thy belt doth bear  
" Is that my father was wont to wear  
" Ere his blood dyed the hemp-field. Ho ! seize him,  
    there."

## V.

Seen in the cold grey morning light  
    Half in mist enshrouded,  
Upon the castle's topmost height  
    Were four dark figures crowded ;  
One with hands cross'd on his bosom stood,  
One with a haughty disdainful mood,  
Unheeding of her who knelt praying for grace,  
And one with a cord, and a mask on his face.  
A mist from the valley obscured the scene,  
It passed, and three stood where four had been ;  
One swung by the hemp he had blood-dyed when green !

## VI.

We crown thy temples, Phantom Bard,  
    But with no earthly flowers,  
No dewy fragrant blossoms reared  
    In earth's untainted bowers.

More dear to that demon heart of thine  
Is this hempen cord our fingers twine,  
That christened in blood as it burst its seed,  
To Death and his service was aye decreed  
Doing his mission, bound to his will,  
A woven curse only fashioned for ill,  
That nourished on blood at birth loveth it still.

## Birthday Verses.

TO M. J. A., WITH A VOLUME OF POEMS.

In those ages, of which Sages, in their pages  
Tell us,  
Ere to ladies Love betrayed his power or made his  
Votaries jealous,  
On a birth-day morning  
Siren slumber scorning,  
Youths with flowers laden  
(While the dews winked o'er them)  
Hurried forth to pour them  
At the feet  
Of the sweet  
Yet half awakened maiden.

'Twas a practice, which, the fact is, to detract is  
Folly



## The Haunted Room.

Shadow on shadow, and shade on shade,  
Till the room grew dark with the gloom they made  
And the red moon gleamed as if veiled in a cloud,  
Softly they came, and silent they stood,  
Each shadowy face, 'neath its dusky hood,  
Each sinewless form in its air-woven shroud,  
With never a breath and never a sound.  
In the silence of night they stood around,  
Each with its outstretched arm and hand,  
A solemn, silent, shadowy band !

Rosily couched 'midst the silence and gloom  
An infant slept in the haunted room,  
Slept, with its budding form half hid  
'Neath the folds of the silken coverlid,  
Its fresh face flooded with a tide  
Of tresses in the sunlight dyed,  
That made with all their wealth of light  
A softened glory in the night.  
Its large full eyes of deepest blue  
Their sensitive lids half-bursting through,  
Yet coyly shrinking from Night's dark view,  
Making us wondering muse if they,  
Hued like the eye of Heaven by day,  
By night grew dark and starred with it.  
Scarce seemed its soft mouth to emit  
A breathing sound, till, like a flower,

(Daintily closed through a summer shower)  
It oped with a smile and shed around  
The fragrance of one long-drawn breath  
That passing left the lips ice-bound  
Laugh-parted 'neath the touch of Death.

Shadow by shadow, and shade by shade,  
Silently out from the room they fade,  
Silently into the breathless night,  
Leaving no record, no trace of their flight,  
Save that the young mother entering soon  
Gazeth, and stareth, and stoopeth low,  
Over the first born she loveth so ;  
Then with a sickening sense of woe,  
Sinks to the earth in a sudden swoon.

---

## A Thought of Haydon.

Mourn not for Haydon ! Twine not for his urn  
One wreath of cypress or sepulchral yew,  
Though he a fearful deed hath dared to do  
The bitter burden of a life to spurn.

Mourn not for Haydon ! Why should we repent  
That with a Roman\* mightiness of soul,  
A God-like energy, he dared control  
And make stern Death a slave to his intent !

\* Suicide was in some cases regarded among the Romans as a virtuous act. Shall we hold a less charitable opinion towards poor Haydon ?

His potent will hath conquered ! He hath burst  
The bonds that held a mighty spirit here,—  
A spirit that for heavenly airs athirst  
Loathed its existence on this gloomy sphere,  
And spreading forth its glowing wings to flight,  
Left, as it sped afar, a track of golden light !

---

## The Spirit of the Age.

WRITTEN ON THE OPENING OF A NEW CHURCH.

Awake ! Dull dreamer by the ingle nook,  
Hand-folded mourner of departed days,  
Arouse, and let thy soul exultant look  
Where yet fresh altars from the dark earth blaze !  
The Spirit of the Age still yearns for good,  
Still struggles bravely with the earthly leaven,  
And from the shadow of its idle SELF  
Turns to the holier life that is of Heaven !  
The fury of the zeal that hot for good  
Sought for it e'en in evil has passed o'er ;  
But the zeal lives, and living tempered, makes  
Devotion what was Bigotry before.

Yes, it has learnt to choose " the better part,"  
Learnt at the pen-point what the sword ne'er taught,  
That Truth is pure, albeit unwashed in blood,  
And Faith is unctuous, though with life unbought.

Thus in the sunshine of a purer creed  
It seeks new temples for its adoration,  
Loathing the structures by oppression raised,  
The altars black with hate and desecration ;  
It seeks new temples, where no echoes moan  
O'er wrong and treachery and secret crime,  
Where Heaven's own light illumines ; nor brooding floats  
The darkening shadow of departed Time.

And it *will* have such temples through the land,  
Will bend Art, Wealth, and Skill to its control,  
'Till thickly clustered as the stars of night  
They rise to gladden the desponding soul.  
E'en now the seed is sown, the fruitful soil  
Is pregnant with the harvest of our hopes,  
And true hearts beat and watchful eyes grow bright  
As flow'r by flow'r with SELF's rude blight-breath  
copes.

Awake, then, dreamer by the ingle nook,  
Hand folded mourner of departed days,  
Arouse, and let thy soul exultant watch  
Where yet fresh altars from the dark earth blaze.

---



## Thoughts.

By the calm waters of the Inner-soul,  
Like timid deer reposing, lie the thoughts  
That hallow human life. Shrinking, they fly  
E'en at the breath-tones of the voice that dares  
Their presence summon. But in holy hours  
When peace descends on us, and in the heart  
No passions thunder, oft the Poet's art  
May woo them from their haunts, and hap'ly link  
With amaranthine wreaths, their gentle forms  
To never-dying Words.

---

## Midnight in a Library.

With a faint tremour of the lip and hand,  
A vague uncertain consciousness of dread,  
Amid these relics of the mighty dead,  
At this lone, awe-inspiring hour I stand,  
While trembling Fear describes an airy band  
Of disembodied spirits lingering  
About the earth-wrought works to which they cling  
Still fondly even in the Spirit land.  
There is a rustle as of tremulous wings,  
The air grows hot and stifling, while the ear,  
O'er sensitive with an excess of fear,  
Is haunted by unearthly whisperings !

Strange sights, strange sounds, strange feelings, mock  
each sense,  
Oh ! Mind, where is thy might, thy power, thy prescience ?

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## A Revolutionary Lyric.

With the wine-flush in her cheek,  
With the lust-light in her eye,  
Out into the troubled night  
Goeth wanton FRANCE to seek  
For *Ignis Fatuus* light  
She hath christened Liberty.

In the shadow, in the gloom,  
Follows she a siren-song,  
That thus breathing through the night  
Woos her to a nameless doom,—  
“ Out upon the Old and Wrong,  
“ Welcome to the New and Right.

“ Thou hast felt oppression’s grasp,  
“ Thou hast known the curse of kings,  
“ Known and heard of kings o’erthrown ;  
“ Strive, then, to thy dying gasp  
“ For the good that Freedom brings,  
“ For the good to slaves unknown.

“ Cast the Tyrant to the earth,  
“ From his shadow free thy land,  
“ With the warm blood of thy veins  
“ Consecrate the glorious birth  
“ Of the Spirit whose command  
“ Shall release thy limbs from chains.”

Heated by the witching strain,  
Maddened by the sense of wrong,  
From its sheath her sword is drawn,  
Boldly drawn, yet drawn in vain ;  
Little may it speed the dawn  
Of the good time worshipped long.

Crowned heads may crownless lie,  
Ermined tyrants rule no more ;  
But what boots it, if in place  
Of their senseless tyranny  
Charlatans, 'midst floods of gore,  
Work the National disgrace ?

What avails it, though the Form,  
Like a player's vesture, change,  
If the Spirit is the same ?  
Who would rouse Rebellion's storm,  
Who through countless systems range,  
But to gain the best—in name ?

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## A Sketch from Nature.

It is a leafy grove of trees  
That link their knotted boughs on high,  
Forming a shady canopy,  
A green cathedral, where the breeze,  
The pleasant breeze that all day long  
Hath wandered in the sultry heat,  
Comes after sunset to repeat  
At Nature's shrine its even song  
In concert with the wandering stream,  
That roving from the hills among  
Laves the moss-guarded banks, where teem  
The flowers that woo no sunny gleam,  
But evermore their petals close  
And droop, as they were hushed in deep repose.

THE END.



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